4.26.

229 A pleasant new Ballad to sing both Euen and Morne,
Of the bloody murther of Sir *John Barley-corne*.
To the tune of, Shall I lie beyond thee.

AS I went through the North Country
I heard a merry greeting:
A pleasant toy, and full of toy,
two noble men were meeting.

And as they walked for to to sport,
vpon a Summers day,
Then with another nobleman
they went to make a fray,

Whose name was sir John Barly corne,
he dwelt downe in a dale:
Who had a kinsman dwelt him nigh,
they cal'd him Thomas Gendale.

Another named Richard Bere,
was ready at that time:
Another worthy knight was there,
cal'd sir William White Wine.

Some of them fought in a Jacke,
some of them in a Can:
But the chiefest in a blacke pot,
like a worthy noble man.

Sir John Barlycorne fought in a Bowle,
who wonne the victorie:
And made them all to sume and sweare,
that Barlycorne should die.

Some said kill him, some said drowne,
others wisht to hang him hie:
For as many as follow Barly-corne,
shall surely beggers die.

Then with a plough they plowed him vp
and thus they did deuise,
To burie him quicke within the earth,
and swore he should not rise.

With harrowes strong they combed him
and burst clods on his head:
A joyfull banquet then was made,
when Barly-corne was dead.

Hereafter still within the earth,
till raine from skies did fall,
Then he grew vp in branches greene,
which sore amaz'd them all,

And so grew vp till Mid-summer,
which made them all afeard:
For he was sprouted vp on hie,
and got a goodly beard.

Then he grew till S. Iames tide,
his countenance was wan,
For he was growne vnto his strength,
and thus became a man.

With hookes and sickles keene,
into the field they hide,
They cut his legs off by the knees,
and made him wounds full wide.

Thus bloodily they cut him downe
from place where he did stand,
And like a theefe for treachery,
they bound him in a band.

So then they tooke him vp againe,
according to his kind:
And packt him vp in seuerall sackes,
to wither with the wind.

And with a pitch-forke that was sharpe,
they rent him to the heart,
And like a thiefe for treason vile,
they bound him in a cart.

And tending him with weapons strong,
vnto the towne they hie,
And straight they mowed him in a mow
and there they let him lie.

Then he lay groning by the wals,
till all his wounds were sore,
At length they tooke him vp againe,
and cast him on the flore.

They hyred two with holly clubs,
to beat on him at once,
They thwacked so on Barly-corne,
that flesh fell from the bones.

And then they tooke him vp againe,
to fulfill womens minde
They dusted and they sifted him,
till he was almost blind.

And then they knit him in a sacke,
which grieued him full sore:
They steep'd him in a Fat, God wot,
for three dayes space and more.

Then they tooke him vp againe,
and laid him for to dry,
They cast him on a chamber flore,
and swore that he should die.

They rubbed and they stirred him,
and still they did him turne,
The Malt-man swore that he should
his body he would burne.

They spightfully tooke him vp
and threw him on a Mill:
So dried him there with fire hot,
and thus they wrought their will.

Then they brought him to the mill,
and there they burst his bones,
The Miller swore to murther him
betwirt a paire of stones.

Then they tooke him vp againe,
and serv'd him worse then so,
For with hot scalding liquor
they washt him in a fat.

But not content with this Geare
that did him mickle harme,
With threatning words they
to beat him into barme.

And lying in this danger,
for feare that he should
They tooke him straight out
and tunn'd him in a barrell.

And then they set a tap to him,
euen thus his death began:
They drew out merry drams of
whilst any drop would run.

Some brought sacks vpon
same brought bill and bag,
And every man his weapon
Barly-corne to ouerthrow.

When sir John Good-ale
he came with mickle might,
And there he tooke their
their legs or else their sight.

And thus sir John in each
so paid them all their hire,
That some lay sleeping by the
some tumbling in the mire.

Some lay groning by the wals,
some in the streets downe right,
The best of them did scarcely
what they had done a-night.

All you good wiues that
God turne from you all
But if you put too much
the deuill put out your eyes.

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FINIS.

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MAster Mault he is a Gentleman,
And hath beene euer the worlde began,
I neuer knew yet any man
that could match with master Mault sir,
I neuer knew any match Mault be once,
The Miller with his grinding stones.
He laid them so close that he crusht his bones,
you neuer knew the like sir.
Mault, Mault, thou art a slouze.
Thou art beloued in every house,
Thou canst not be missing one halfe hour.
you neuer saw the like sir.
For leaping of his stones so close,
Mault gaue the Miller a copper nose,
Saying thou and I will neuer be foes,
but vnto thee I sticke sir.
Mault gaue the Miller such a blow,
That from his house he fell full low,
He taught him his master Mault for to know,
you neuer saw the like sir.
Our hostesse maid she was to blame,
She stole master Mault away from her dame,
And in her belly she hid the same,
you neuer saw the like sir.
So when the Mault did worke in her head,
Twice a day she would be sped,
At night she could not goe to bed,
nor scarce stand on her feet sir.
Then came in the master Smith,
And said that Mault he was a theefe.
But Mault gaue him such a bash in the teeth:
you neuer saw the like sir,
For when his Iron was hot and red,
He had such an ache all in his head,
The Smith was faine to get him to bed,
for then he was very sicke sir.
The Carpenter came a peece to square,
He bad Mault come out if he dare,
He would empty his belly, & beat his sides bare
that he know not where to sit sir.
To fire he went with an armes full of chips,
Mault hit him right betweene his lips,
And made him lame in both his hips,
you never saw the like sir,
The Shoe-maker sitting vpon his seat
With master Mault he began to fret,
He said he would the knaue so beat,
you neuer saw the like sir.
Mault peept his head out of a hall,
The Shoomaker said, he would drinke him vp al,
They tumled together till downe they did fall,
you neuer saw the like sir.
The Weauer being in his loome,
He threatned master Mault to burn,
When he had knit on to the thrum,
you neuer saw the like sir.
And such a Court some Weauers held,
They would pay our hostes when they had sold,
But when euery one had his part and deald,
they knew not where to sit sir,
The Tinker he tooke the Weauers part
Because he is touching vnto his Art,
He tooke the pot and dranke a quart,
the worlde was very quicke sir.
Mault had of him his owne desire,
He made him tumble into the fire,
& there he lost his burling tre,
as hath not found it yet sir.

The Bayliz he came in to grinde his sheares,
Mault and he were together by the eares,
Great is the company Mault still reares,
you neuer saw the like sir.
For when his pressing Iron was hot,
He pressed a booze in stead of a coat,
And sayled home in a feather-bed boat,
you neuer saw the like sir.
So then the Tinker did sound his pan,
Then said master Mault I must be gone,
I am the good fellow that helpeth euery one,
you neuer saw the like sir.
The Tinker then that he was faine,
With Mault to haue about or twaine,
Mault hit him sore in euery vaine,
you neuer saw the like sir.
Then bespake the Tinker anon
He said he would proue himselfe a man,
He laid on Mault till the bouse was gone,
the Bung and the Tinker fell sicke sir.
The Sayler he did curse and ban,
He bad the boy, goe tap the can,
Ile haue about with Mault anan,
you neuer saw the like sir.
Aboord they went to try their match,
And there they playd at hop and catch,
Mault bellowed him vnder the hatch,
and made him keepe the ship sir.
Then came the Chapman trauailing by,
And said, My maisters I will be wye,
In deed maister Mault my mouth is dry,
I will gnaw you with my teeth sir.
The Chapman he laid on a pace,
Till store of blood came in his face,
But Mault brought him in such a case,
you neuer saw the like sir.
The Mason came an Ouen to make,
The Bricklayer he his part did take,
They bound Mault to the good-ale stake,
you neuer saw the like sir.
Then Mault began to tell his mind,
And pide them with Ale, Beere and Wine,
They left Brick-axe and trowell behind,
they could not lay a bricke sir.
Then came the Labourer out with his hood,
And saw his two masters how they stood,
He tooke master Mault by the whood,
and swore he would him strike sir.
Mault he ran and for feare did weep,
The Labourer he did skip and leape,
But Mault cast him into the morter heape,
and there he fell a sleepe sir.
The Butcher came to buy a sheepe:
He said he would make Mault to creepe,
But Mault made him the cat to whip.
you neuer saw the like sir.
The Gloner came to buy a skin,
Mault hit him right aboue the chin,
The pewter John came doubling in,
you neuer saw the like sir.
And laid on head, armes, and ioynts,
Take away his gloues, and grosse of points,
And swore they had paid him in quarles and pints,
you neuer saw the like sir.
Thus of my song I will make an end,
And pray my hostesse to be my friend,
To giue me some drink now my money is spend
then Mault and I am quit sir. FINIS.